

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Coveper.*



LADY MILDWATER HAS TO ATTEND A WOMAN'S RIGHTS COMMITTEE.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER VII.—POOR TONY.

"ANTONY!" cried Lady Mildwater, stopping at the bottom of the stairs as she was hurrying to her carriage. Immediately a door opened, and a tall gentleman appeared on the landing with a baby in his arms, the nurse behind him.

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"I think, if there seems anything more than teething the matter, you had better send for Dr. Jones; I cannot stay to talk about it, my time is up, as I ought now to be at the committee meeting."

"If convulsions—" Antony began, but Lady Mildwater was in her carriage, and he had nothing to do but to go back to the nursery. He sighed as he looked at the pale, uneasy little face, and wished, in his heart, a great many things all mixed up together, so that he could not define one clearly.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

He was very sorry for the baby, for he was naturally kind-hearted, and moreover it was his own baby, and one on whom his hopes were fixed; and he was very sorry for himself, for he was uncomfortable, and, on the whole, doubted if he had done well in marrying a lady who thus neglected her home duties for pursuits which were out of her sphere.

Antony Mildwater was the son of a soap-boiler who had amassed a large fortune and left it to him while still a minor. There was nothing that it is thought right for young gentlemen to learn that he was not taught, or rather that he did not make a try at learning; and when he came into his property he was considered quite eligible to represent it.

But he did not know how to "represent it;" he felt unequal to comport himself as "the front door" of thirty thousand pounds. He ardently wished to be of consequence equal to the amount of his means, and of the knightly title which he by a happy accident had obtained; but so little power had he of self-assertion that he was continually made to feel himself "a nobody," except by those who profited by his vanity and sold their deference to him at a high rate.

"Tony, you must marry," said his uncle, who saw how things were going with him.

Marry! a fine thought! then he would be a family man and take a high social position; yes, he would marry.

But whom? At that very juncture he met at a mixed party the niece of a peer whose title had been his all, he having possessed neither wit nor fortune to support it. This lady was then about ten years older than himself, but, being handsome, very stately, and withal exceedingly becomingly dressed, she passed for being much younger. He was struck with her "grand" air, and she was equally impressed with his thirty thousand pounds. He felt that the man who was so highly favoured as to be her "head" would have enough to be proud of; and she calculated that thirty thousand pounds would enable her to live in much better style than her very small jointure allowed her to do. So, while he, in his simplicity, was envying the happy mortal whom she might choose, she was considering how to let him know she had chosen him. The will and the way proverbially going together, this was not a case in which the proverb failed; a little judicious flattery with a little encouragement, served to embolden him to make an offer, which was at once accepted, and, to his entire delight, she became Lady Mildwater.

The honeymoon and some more moons passed before the visions of happiness hope had created faded away; but each moon brought him nearer to the conviction that a strong-minded woman was about the last thing in the world for comfort. At first he felt the protection her presence afforded him in society, and was pleased to talk about "Lady Mildwater" and her opinions as if they were a joint affair with his own, though everybody knew he never originated anything worth calling an opinion, and that he had always professed opposite politics. But he could not thus float long. The impetus of novelty that set him on soon subsided, and he sank like lead, leaving "Lady Mildwater" alone on the surface. He accompanied her occasionally into society, but as her very humble servant, to do her bidding, and felt that, however big he might talk, he was really smaller in estimation than when he dangled about belonging to nobody.

There were times when his cup of misery and mortification was full, and that morning, when Lady Mildwater had cut short his suggestion of "convulsions," and left him and baby to his own resources, was one.

"Surely a mother—" he muttered to himself; "but then," he added, as if half afraid that his mutterings might travel to ears they were not meant for, "hers is a noble vocation, to be sure, and she must fulfil it; and as she says, Cicero used to see after the washing of his children (I never learnt that at school, but she says she did), and I ought not to mind doing what Cicero did."

This attempt to bring up consolation did not answer. In his heart he felt that Cicero's being "a muff" was no solace for his being one; "besides," he argued, "Cicero was a heathen, and lived in a heathen land, where they did heathen things," and strongly did it rise in his heart that it was a most heathen thing to turn a man into a nurse and give him a baby to take care of.

While he was in this vein a loud knock announced a visitor.

"Lady Mildwater is not at home," he whispered in a loud hiss over the banisters to the servant in the hall, who was hurrying to the door, and then hastily shut himself up in the nursery; but to his dismay the servant reappeared, saying that he had been asked for.

"Who is it?" he demanded, peevishly, looking at his slippers and his morning gown.

"Mr. Leporel, sir," said the servant.

"Tell Mr. Leporel the baby is ill," he said, much relieved, for he liked Charles, who was the only man he knew that he hoped did not turn him into ridicule for his subjection.

"I did, sir; and he asked if he should come up to you."

"No, no, I will go to him for a minute; he will excuse my undress. Mary, look to the cot, the poor little thing seems more quiet now; but if there is any change send for me directly."

So saying he shuffled down into the drawing-room, and there beheld, to his disgust and dismay, not only Charles Leporel, but Miss Loft. It was too late to retreat, for he was fairly in the room before the latter came into view; he stammered out something by way of apology, but Charles Leporel soon relieved him by introducing Laura as a most ardent admirer of Lady Mildwater, and he said he was sure she would vividly feel the noble sacrifices her ladyship's husband made to enable her to pursue her lofty vocation.

"Miss Loft could not have caught you in a position more admirable, I am persuaded," he said, turning to her with a very serious air, which, although quite sufficient to assure Sir Antony, was half suspected by her on account of a certain twinkle—very slight—in his eyes.

"Well, as Lady Mildwater says," said Antony, drawing up and looking as majestic as he could, "rowing and steering are both necessary; there are occasions when some can row best and some can steer best. I am ready to stand at the helm or take an oar, as appears most useful."

Laura looked dubious. She thought he looked equally unable to row or steer, or do anything else but sit in the boat and be carried on by the tide. Mr. Leporel explained that Miss Loft had expressed so strong a desire to see Lady Mildwater again before

meeting her in public that he had offered to chaperone her, as he had business in the town, and that, finding she was out, they did not like to leave without her visit being duly notified and explained.

In the midst of this the servant announced Dr. Jones, whom Lady Mildwater had summoned on her way to the committee. Dr. Jones entered, and took off a hat that revealed a thick crop of short black curls. The doctor's dress was so enigmatical in point of sex, that it was some seconds before Laura ascertained "him" to be a lady.

"Dr. Lucy Jones," said Sir Antony, introducing her. The sight was too much for Mr. Leporel; he had never before encountered the personification of an idea that he had always treated with indulgent ridicule; and the affectation of manly dress, and the assumption altogether of the masculine by a woman, gave a shock to his feelings that his manner could hardly disguise, and Laura felt as if, with her opinions, she shared in the antipathy that flitted over his face as he somewhat stiffly bowed adieu to her, leaving her in conversation with Dr. Lucy, while Antony retired to the nursery to prepare the nurse for the doctor's visit.

"I think," said Laura, "I must have misunderstood Lady Mildwater, she mentioned two o'clock as the hour of meeting."

"Oh, that is the general meeting; she is now at a select committee meeting, and will shortly return to hear my report of the child," said Dr. Jones.

Hardly had she said so, when Lady Mildwater entered the room. She saluted Laura with the cordiality of an old friend, declaring the delight with which she hailed a sympathetic spirit, "and one who has already made such a grand protest as to sacrifice her home," she added.

Laura blushed, and asked how she knew what she had done.

"My dear friend, you are not hidden; on the contrary, you are already marked, set up on a height for observation; we know, or can guess, all you have suffered, and what you are about to do."

She would have gone on with her flight of praise, but was diverted by Antony, who came to announce that baby was awake and crying, on which Dr. Lucy and Lady Mildwater proceeded to the nursery.

"These are very important times!" said Sir Antony, in a troubled voice, as if he must needs say something to keep up his dignity.

"Oh, very!" said Laura, rather sorry for him.

"I hope times of freedom—ahem—and that sort of thing are coming," he said, with a sickly effort at a congratulatory smile; adding, "You have done a very kind thing already, I am sure, and you will be glad to hear that the family are most grateful."

"Family?" cried Laura.

"The Beverleys," said Tony.

"How did you know?—how could it be known here?" she asked, in surprise.

"Our workwoman told us—she does our upholstery, she is making up the curtains for the dining-room—she was telling Lady Mildwater all about you," he answered.

Still she seemed bewildered, when he added, "She has known you well from a child; 'Mrs. Batts,' she hopes to see you; would you like to speak to her?" he said, rising with alacrity, for he was afraid of losing himself with a lady of Laura's parts and celebrity.

Laura was curious to know how Mrs. Batts could

have heard of her recent doings, and willingly accompanied him to the dining-room, where sat Mrs. Batts, looking with mysterious doubt on two breadths that ought to match and wouldn't. "It's very provoking, sir, isn't it?" she said, not seeing Laura at first, but rising and making a very humble curtsy when she did.

"Hopes I see you very well, miss, and as you left all the family very well," she said.

Laura briefly replied, and then inquired if she knew anything of the Beverley family.

"Know 'em! Why, miss, as Sir Antony can tell you, I've done their bolstering these twenty years, full fifteen afore he ever comed into these parts; not as it's bolstering they want now, poor things! I've been working at the dressmaking for 'em, which I never thought they'd come to; but there, there's nobody knows what's afore 'em; and I'm sure they're all very happy to think of Miss Aline's luck, miss, and I hope you'll be happy in a good conscience, I do!" She finished her speech with such energy that she made Laura smile.

"Dear miss," said the old woman, still standing and holding the breadths, "it seems but yesterday as you was a baby, and such a to-do there was, and folks said as you'd never grow up, you was too clever to live; but there, sometimes the foolishness goes first. Not but what poor Batts was a deal before me, except in button-holes," she said, parenthetically. Laura, finding she should get no information about the Beverleys, asked Mrs. Batts, in a half-banter, if she meant to attend the meeting that day.

"Oh dear, miss, I think it's my dooty to stick by these curtains, as should have been finished before, for all my lady has give me leave; but they've got my best wishes, and what's the coppers I could give to me leaving my work?"

"Very true; but you give your best wishes to the cause?" said Laura, laughing.

"Certainly I do, and everything as is good, and very good things is meetings. Batts didn't hold wi' 'em, but my poor aunt did, and took me always, and a deal I learnt," she said, with a sigh. "You remember aunt, miss?"

"Oh yes," said Laura, rather contemptuously, remembering, too, that the meetings she patronised were Bible and missionary meetings, and such like.

Mrs. Batts might well sigh when she remembered her aunt, who had been the village schoolmistress at Hurley. She had been her pupil, and in anything mental, beyond very elementary writing, reading, and arithmetic, she was a most bewildering and bewildered one, but bring her to morals and she was clear-sighted enough. Her aunt had kept the village school for many years, and would that there were more such schoolmistresses among high and low. She believed it to be her duty to train the children to do their duty in the station of life to which God had called them, and she took as her guide and theirs in doing this the Bible. Less, perhaps, than any child in the school could her niece have given a lucid epitome of Bible doctrines, but the meaning of all was deep in her heart, where true charity gradually took root.

She could not, as an old woman, have discoursed about faith without making many heretical confusions and contradictions, but she believed as firmly in the promise she saw in the Bible as the best divine in the world, and her faith worked by love. Batts, when he was alive and held the reins as lord and

master of her and all her doings, was not unfrequently wroth with her for her "easy-going ways," and the liberal views she took on various matters. Sometimes she would beg a poor customer who had been ill, or in some other unavoidable way out of work, "not to hurry, by no means, about paying for his gaiters or his waistcoat, for Batts was in no hurry—why should *he* be?" "I'll teach you to speak for me," the angry tailor would say, when he found it out. "Do you think I'm going to spend my strength for idle chaps that can't pay because they won't work!" "Oh, Batts!" she would meekly answer, "I makes all the button-holes, and them's the chief in gaiters, as you know; and I don't begrudge my work a bit, nor waiting. I'm sure if you was to want a bit of indulgence any way, I should take it very hard if you couldn't get it, more so as I should think it was a judgment on you for being hard upon poor folks; and indeed, Batts, I've heard poor aunt say—"

The mention of "poor aunt" was always too much for Mr. Batts's temper. A threatening look, an uplifted hand sometimes, usually accompanied the unceremonious way in which he commanded his wife not to mention that objectionable person to him.

"And her so good to him as she was!" she would say in her heart. "Well, there's no accounting for men; but I believe it's only to provoke me as he does it."

Batts at the same time would growl to himself that it was in order to "provoke" him she was so fond of "chattering about her precious aunt."

Excellent as her intentions were, and firmly as she held the Scripture doctrine of a wife's duty, she often got into sore trouble by innocent misdeemeanors that were always committed for the benefit of somebody else, and a troubled life she had of it, which was not made smoother when Batts had "rheumatics," and lost his little patience as pain and weakness increased. When he complained with more bitterness than she thought becoming of his sufferings, she would, with more piety than discretion, assure him that Job, who was a deal better man, suffered worse by far and was patience itself; she would enlarge on the probability of his having much more in store yet, and on other enlivening topics, till he would order her out of the way if she couldn't hold her tongue! Wisdom came with experience, and she held her peace from good words at last, and did a nurse's work in silence, wondering much that he wouldn't let her talk, "which might be such a comfort to him." She was too genuine to affect sorrow on her own account when he died. The minister who attended him in his sickness and on his death-bed assured her he believed that, in spite of much infirmity and strong temptations by means of a naturally harsh temper, he had been enabled by grace to lay hold of salvation, and had entered into rest. "And I'm sure that's a good hearing for him and me also," she remarked; and although she was occasionally staggered at the idea of Batts among angels and spirits that "were all for loving one another," yet her doubts melted away when she reflected on the fact that he had left sin behind him in passing through the gate of life. "And after all," she would think, as she sat working at her widow's weeds, "some is pleasant in their ways as isn't agreeable to the Bible. 'It isn't a good temper, Sally (aunt was used to say), as'll take us to heaven;' and by that rule it isn't a bad one as'll keep us out of it. And I'm sure it's well for

poor Batts that's true; for what a worrit of a temper he was, and so bad for passions too. Well, he's the better of all that now, poor fellow; he looked quite of a pacified nature the whole day as he lay dying; and now I've got nothing to remember him by but his being a good living husband, which he was, and never kept me short of things, which is a great deal in a man as has to work hard and doesn't get his bad debts in reg'lar. Oh yes, Batts was—" Having made up her mind to respect his memory, and forget all that made him less pleasant as a partner in life than might have been desired by a less exacting spirit than hers, she turned her thoughts with very pardonable alacrity to the relief of a life of freedom, when she could work in peace, and do what she pleased for others, giving offence to none.

Her reminiscences of Mr. Batts thenceforth were always of a mingled character, respectful regrets of ceremony, such as his position of husband and his "not keeping her short of things" demanded, and a comfortable acquiescence in a state of widowhood that was free from "worrits."

BOATING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY A BENEDICT.

THE THAMES—THE MEDWAY—THE WYE.

BENEDICT is a Latin word meaning blessed: it is therefore a synonym for husband; in fact, the two words are interchangeable. Etymology is a wonderful science.

The Canoe Club has opened before young men a quiet and inexpensive method of travel and recreation; but there is no denying that its character is somewhat oyster-like. (The philosophers who would fain do humanity the honour of proving its descent from the bivalve are welcome to a new argument as to lineal predilections.) The solitary canoeist does his best to be cheerful; it is his duty, but as he often confesses, a difficult one. Having adopted a more excellent method, I will give the world the benefit of it and prove its superiority; nothing is easier when the two logs are compared. If I fail, may I only have three holidays this year. The canoe log embraces the Medway and the Wye; the "pair oar" includes the auspicious navigation of the Seine and the Lake of Como.

The tight little canoe Oyster floated with the tide on a beautiful June day from Greenwich to Erith. Parts of the scenery are interesting enough; so interesting, indeed, that ere long, in attempting to cheat a corner, she managed to get in front of a huge ocean steamer coming down as fast as wind and tide and stream could drive her. The first symptom of danger was a seaman's voice overhead, or perilously near to it, speaking in tones of amazement, and words highly out of place on this or any occasion. Then suddenly appeared the red hull of the vessel, plunging through the water just behind the Oyster. It was a moment for decision; either we must go across the steamer's bows with all speed, or (which was almost as hazardous) turn round, an operation involving many precious moments, and get out of the way. This was the less advisable, because being both engaged in cutting the corner, we were uncomfortably near the shore, and it was scarcely likely that the steamer would alter her course that way at the risk of grounding. All this flashed through the brain in an instant;

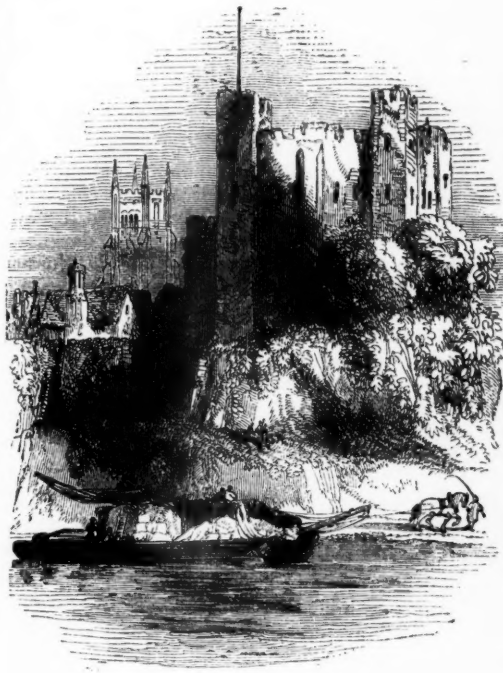
with any delay one of the two must founder—probably not the larger ship. After one quiet moment the paddle was set to work to turn the canoe, as it only does work when such issues are at stake; the steamer cleared us, and it only remained to encounter the swell—no light matter with such speed on; it was like leaping hedges and ditches for awhile, the boat's head being kept right by main force, and then we proceeded on the cruise, thankfully and with a better look-out, till Erith was gained; then came still evening on and twilight grey, and the Oyster closed its shell, unknown and uncared for.

In due time the voyage was prolonged to Sheerness, and here turning off into the Medway, another experience was attained. It was past eight o'clock in the evening when the fresh start was made from the pier; but the June nights are light enough even for an unknown river; besides, the tide was just beginning to make, and Rochester was only fourteen miles ahead. The sou'-wester blowing against the tide, however, made a great deal of rough water, and sometimes it was all we could do to keep the canoe's head right for the waves which washed over her deck. Progress was well-nigh impossible, and the night was as gloomy as solitude and mud banks could make it; till just as we were fast coming to the conclusion that we were in a fix, up loomed the gigantic figure of the Great Eastern lying at anchor; soon her port-holes became visible, and after a long, long spurt, we were near enough to hail her; but there was no answering voice, only the echo from the immense hull which rose up like a huge perpendicular rock from the water. In good time another vigorous hail brought a head above the side, and we paddled round without injury to either craft, alighting first in a barge, from that into a lighter, and thence by the long stairway to the deck itself. The captain was away, and the officer in charge of about three men had strict orders to allow no one on board; but the night was wild, and the gallant mate turned out to be the relative of a Suffolk clergyman, a mutual friend, and the result was that the canoe was hauled up into the barge—clumsily enough, as her ominous cracks and groans testified too late to stop the operation—and her owner supped in pleasant company, and slept on the leviathan vessel, which rocked considerably less than her smaller sister.

The turn of the next morning's tide found the little craft floating off, with a look-out from the deck in case she should founder through her injuries the night before; no leak, however, appeared; the gallant officer above declared even in that case that he felt safer in his own vessel, which only proves how lamentably the judgment even of an honest man may be warped by prejudice.

Now began the best part of the cruise, as we picked our course to the narrow channel of the Medway, while for once the weather was grand, and everything propitious and full of interest. There was Upnor Castle to be sketched, and the labours of the convicts to be watched on the banks, not without some few observations on their part concerning canoes and solitary confinement. Then in the barracks the military bands were practising in full force, and a brave regiment was being laboriously towed across the river on pontoons; not often does the traveller, nor even the cruiser, encounter so many attractions at once. But now and henceforth, through the voyage, a thought would persist in intruding itself: Is it right that I should enjoy all this alone? Of the

fifteen millions of the better sex in this realm, is there not one at the very least who is defrauded of intense enjoyment by this solitary selfishness? Was I made for this purpose? The thought became oppressive. We rounded the point towards Rochester Castle and Cathedral so absorbed in reflection, that the canoe anchored at high water in a creek off the main channel, whence, alas! next day, the tide being low, it required an hour's desperate work to dislodge her. Toiling in the mud, pelted also by some miserable urchins till we stormed the warehouse where they were ensconced and gave them up to the foreman for instant execution, we learnt never to anchor out of the channel.



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

A few hours' cruise, still in the teeth of a sou'-wester, brought the canoe through the verdant hop-grounds of Kent to Halling Ferry, Snodland, and Aylesford Bridge, where we assisted at the launch of a fishing smack. Thereabouts, although the river winds and twists desperately, the barges, which navigate as far as Tonbridge, are often worked by a very small ship's company at a time—in one case a captain and a first mate, in the person of his young wife, who hoisted or let down the jibs most skilfully at the word of command from the rudder. It recalled painfully one's previous questionings of conscience as to the defrauded portion of the human race. "Friars" from the river—a delightful old abbey, with its very walls acting as a bank—and Allingham Castle soon after, from the rising grounds, afforded capital sketches, and ere the turn of the tide Gibraltar was reached, the first, but by no means the last, of a series of locks; and Maidstone was within two miles.

An average of fourteen miles a-day will content a canoeist who is more anxious to enjoy the scenery than to get over it, and Rochester, Maidstone, and Tonbridge were convenient resting-places, far preferable to the solitude and discomfort of the country

at night. But the way was barred by thirteen locks at the least (besides traditions of others), with falls varying from two to eight feet. Help, however, was always at hand—everybody pities a forlorn canoeist—until at Nook Weare we were destined to grief. The delays had been many, and a tremendous thunderstorm was gathering in one quarter of the heavens. It amazed all the southern part of the kingdom when it did break. In this desolate spot, as night fell, we encountered a lock of unusual height; the banks were steep, and no help at hand. The only thing to be done was to haul up the canoe by main force, but in the violent effort of lifting her as a dead weight, she rolled sideways on the stone quay, and when she slipped back into the water there were reflections of the stars inside, and everything was floating. It was out of the question to raise her now with a few hundredweight of water inside. Haymakers were at work a few fields off hastily preparing for the storm, but their time was too precious for them to assist a mere shipwreck, so the poor shattered bark was dragged under a little bridge at the river's side, most of the valuables hidden among the bushes and trees, and the stranded mariner walked some five miles by short cuts to Tonbridge, guided by the flare of lime-kilns amid the deepening darkness, reaching an hotel shortly before midnight, just as large drops began to patter on the pavements. In a few minutes the streets were flooded, and the thunder and lightning were said to be appalling; but canoeists sleep soundly.

Next morning a bargeman delivered up a macintosh and sundry floating effects from the wreck; the owner was supposed to have perished! He also procured some good clay, with which the leaks were stopped—a temporary expedient not to be forgotten—and the cruise was completed. At Tonbridge Lock the boys of the grammar school were bathing, attended by a professor of swimming. It was a fine opportunity to practise the art of overturning the canoe in deep water and swimming with her in tow, only taking care to avoid touching the bottom, lest a foul deposit of tar and oil should rise and cover the whole surface of the river with all the colours of the rainbow.

In an hour or two the Oyster was on the railway, the guard protesting loudly against the occupation of his van and his time. From London Bridge station, failing to reduce the extortion of a cabman, we discovered a far better conveyance. A costermonger's long barrow was chartered, and, moored upon it, the canoe sped over London Bridge to her final terminus, dodging among the cabs and carts at a pace which to a countryman was simply amazing. This burden deposited in the cloak room, there only remained the light luggage, and the still oppressive reflections concerning the defrauded millions.

THE WYE.

The next cruise upon record was on the most beautiful river in the kingdom. From Builth to Hereford the journey is best accomplished by land, the course of the Wye being much impeded by rocks and shallows; the route comprises the Vale of Glasbury, the picturesque town of Hay, and Clifford's Castle, where fair Rosamond may or may not have languished.

At Hereford Bridge, almost under the shadow of the cathedral, commenced the second cruise of the

Oyster, this time in company with another lively canoe, yclept the Hermit. The distance to Ross is, by guide-book, fourteen miles, by river twenty-eight. The grand old spire towering over the horse-shoe bend of the Wye, above illuminated houses, themselves on lofty terraces, is a noble sight on a clear autumn evening. Let poets sing the Man of Ross, and the venerable elms shoot religiously preserved in his honour as they grow inside the church, I am not given to description.

From this town the river's course to Monmouth is nearly twenty miles, passing Goodrich Castle on the wooded heights, and Symond's Yat (Gate), with beauties innumerable. The water had risen four feet when we started next morning, and assuredly there are not many navigable rivers where the rushing torrent goes at a greater pace or on a steeper incline than some of the rapids hereabouts; it was quite a feat to pull-up by the shore and exchange the paddle for the pencil. In this neighbourhood the Oyster performed a manœuvre which should not be imitated. Near a stony fragment in the midchannel, called the County Rock, as marking the junction of the three shires, Hereford, Gloucester, and Monmouth, another rocky prominence cleaves the stream just in the middle of a rapid. Wishing to pass it on the other side, the Oyster left the Hermit and crossed the river a long way above, but in the mere act of crossing it was swept down so rapidly as almost to graze the stony island while it whizzed by; after that it became a law to keep to one side or the other when skimming down a rapid.

The glorious amphitheatre of Symond's Yat was the more appreciated while the camp kettle was blazing away, from the fact that a joyous chorus was singing out most harmoniously somewhere among the leafy heights above; at length the singers appeared on the very summit of the highest crag and again awoke the slumbering echoes. The blending of soprano and deep bass seemed like a reproach to the solitary canoeists: was not man intended to act in concert in every sense? Another *désagrément*, like dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary, was enough to mar the best holiday. A wretched dog, ownerless apparently, had pursued us from Ross, yelping incessantly. At first we expected that he must soon give up and return to his home duties. Vain delusion: his folly only became more confirmed by its very exercise. Now he was on the bank, now on board, where he was received with magnanimous hospitality. Given away repeatedly, he always reappeared, and barked for hours continuously, till his hoarseness was lamentable. After spoiling the *al fresco* concert the noise suddenly ceased, and the fate of the poor creature could only be conjectured.

A question now arose whether the New Weir Rapid should be attempted. It throws itself down a narrow space in a smooth-looking stream at first, but the broken water at the bottom is very likely to broadside and swamp a small boat. Gentlemen on shore decidedly advised a landing; boatmen thought it might be possible to attempt the passage; but by this time the Hermit, without even stopping to reconnoitre, plunged into the smooth whirl over the edge of the weir, and was soon swept on at express speed, leaving nothing visible at times but the top of a straw-hat adorned with the Cambridge ribbon rising and falling on the top of the short sharp waves. Both canoes after awhile reached smooth water again, not without some little wavelets over the side, and

many a splash right into the face and eyes, caused by the speed which was absolutely necessary for safety. It was long after dark when the lights of Monmouth appeared, and the rushing flood under its bridge warned us to be careful, in addition to which a disinterested bargee narrated in the dark how a large "four-oar" had struck the piers and foundered, several of her crew being drowned, notwithstanding all the efforts of the boatmen.

Unmooring next morning from the barge, a few hours' steady work among slopes and hills, which in places almost deserved the name of mountains, brought the cruising squadron to Tintern Abbey. They arrived in single file as usual, the one a mile in advance of the other by way of illustrating the advantages of company. In fact, it became very clear that the weighty question so long pressing on the mind was not much nearer a solution. Two boats are not the same thing as a double one, with undivided authority and a harmonious will. The Hermit was always pressing on to new regions; the Oyster, on the contrary, was disposed in fine scenery to be contemplative and restful. Besides which, the present arrangement was more like a double wrong done to the injured portion of the earth's inhabitants.

Who shall describe Tintern, with its slender pillars aspiring to such a prodigious height to support such fairy-like arches and windows? Truly, architecture is poetry in stone. I can give no description, partly because a desperate downpour of rain began while we were there, and then because we left it only too quickly, being anxious to get over the Wall Weir, which, when the tide is low, gives a perpendicular fall of seven feet, and is only navigable by finding the proper opening between a series of rocks partly under water. As it was, the tide allowed us to glide over the place with two feet of water to spare. Ban-nagor Crags and the Windcliff were grand enough, and the Piercefield Cliffs majestic without a doubt, but in the pelting rain it seemed to matter very little which cliff was St. Peter's Thumb and which the Twelve Apostles. Never sure that the rapid was passed, we were amazed to find Chepstow Castle at hand, so swift had been the tide, and spinning under the tubular suspension bridge the cruise was ended. Not so the rain. The average rainfall in England is twenty-five inches; in these parts, what with Atlantic vapours and attracting hills, it reaches sometimes one hundred and eighty inches: the spouts ran the whole afternoon like the discharge-pipe from a mine-engine.

The river was all that could be desired as to scenery, but both captains agreed that for its full appreciation the absence of the poetical sex was fatal. Bloomfield was a wiser man, he traversed the Wye in inspiring company. Would he ever have penned his glowing lines from a canoe?

"THE BINOMIAL"—THE SEINE AT PARIS IN 1867—THE SEINE AT ROUEN.

Ere the next cruise the captain assumed the style and title of Benedict. The canoe was laid up in ordinary, and a charming boat—a pair-oar—took its place: it was named "The Binomial Theorem"—for brevity's sake, "The Binomial." After a year of hard work and useful at home, the little vessel was launched on the Seine, during the French Exhibition of 1867, from a landing-stage at the Pont du

Jour, a bridge well known to the Prussians. While others wearied themselves out with a long day in the gigantic building of the Champs de Mars, the Binomial worked out the "theorem" of bodily and mental refreshment during a holiday. After a morning at the utmost in the Exhibition, finishing up at noon with a quiet hour in the Salle Evangelique, the Binomial would glide on the quiet waters of the Seine under the villa-covered hills around St. Cloud. The arrangement was an approach to perfection; there were no divergent ideas—no refractory canoes disposed to go different ways; the captain and the first mate were in full accord, and the voyages as pleasant as all the elegances and amenities of an unselfish life could make them. As for dangers, to some minds they are everywhere, to others nowhere. There was one alarm on board. The cruise was to be short, for the King of Prussia was expected that afternoon. The captain, mate, and one passenger embarked on the Binomial and rowed round the island of Billancourt, where the agricultural implements were assembled: rather a desert it appeared compared to the throngs on the Champs de Mars. Already the voyage was nearly completed, when just before the bridge a steamer overtook us. It was built after the French fashion, huge and long, with two paddle-wheels, both behind the stern, an advantage, no doubt, in narrow rivers. Unhappily, the steamer felt itself bound to pass through the arch which we had selected, although nearest to the shore. It was a piece of needless annoyance, and the vessel's sides were crowded with passengers anxious to see what would happen to the "schiff Anglais," which quietly backed away from the arch, and then swung round its prow to meet the swell. To render the matter worse, there was a high stone quay on one side, which made the waves all the more mischievous as the steamer rushed by on the other. The mate and passenger of the Binomial instantly sank on the boat's floor as ballast, according to standing orders, not with all the *sang froid* imaginable, but without any foolish balancing over the sides. After all, the swell was too strong for the rower, and, hitting the boat, swung it round first broadside, and then almost stern foremost. In a trice the oars completed the movement, and brought the stern to the still advancing waves, as being the quickest remedy, and propelling the boat in that awkward position, keeping well clear of the quay, she rode over the remaining bubble in safety—no thanks to the captain of the steamer.

Tired of the extortion and whirl of the Exhibition, the crew of the Binomial soon found themselves in a quieter spot in the noble old city of Rouen, still upon the beautiful Seine. Whit-Sunday was spent among the French Protestants; the service at St. Eloi was as simply and almost sternly severe as in the days of the Huguenots, and the singing, like that in Geneva Cathedral, was short and very sombre; it seemed almost like the echoes of the martyrs' solemn voices. The sermon, however, was clear and full as to the gospel; and the young people of the church, after public examination, were that day received into the Christian body, and proceeded at once to the Lord's table.

Monday found the boat floating with the tide westwards to Dieppedalle. Where could you discover a more picturesque home than that quaint little chateau among the trees of the island? But the following day initiated a plan which was a decided advance on

everything hitherto attempted. The boat was supplied with meat, bread, fruit—and what fruit!—cider, and Seltzer water, just the beverage for hard work and hot weather. The worthy folk at the hotel willingly trusted us with a few table etceteras, and we started from Rouen in the other direction.

How we all pitied a forlorn canoeist who paddled by! He reminded us, if I may use the expression in playful good-humour, of a rogue elephant exiled from its own herd: the planters tell us no visitor is more unwelcome, and the hunters prefer almost any other comer.

After several miles an island was selected for the day's bivouac. The trees above, and the new-mown hay below, made a grand dining-room, and not a living creature was to be seen nearer than the other shore. Here the live-long day rolled by, not exactly in the *dolce far niente*, but lunching, sketching, working, reading, and thinking with the eyes shut, and then, in the cool of the evening, back to head-quarters at Rouen. A few such days would go far to prepare any man for a year of exertion for the good of himself and his fellows. What a contrast to prisoners marched through museums and picture-galleries, or lounging away the precious hours of a holiday in drawing-rooms!

LAKE OF COMO—BELLAGIO—EVENING CRUISES.

Another summer developed the idea yet more fully. There was no occasion to ask, Am I enjoying as well as spending? or, Am I becoming stronger through it for future duties? The finest spot in Europe is the Lake of Como, and the finest part of Como is the promontory of Bellagio; and here were head-quarters for boating just at the junction of the two branches of the lake.

When the setting sun is beginning to clothe the surrounding Alpine summits with all varieties of purple and crimson, the hotels and a great part of the population get afloat; for roads hereabout are few, and often consist of flights of steps. The natives stand to row, looking to the boat's head and *pushing* the oars, often singing in chorus the while. One evening was specially musical. As we skimmed round the perpendicular rocks beyond the point, it was the hour for the close of the silk factories, where girls and women sit the livelong day spinning silk on wheels turned by hand, throwing the cocoons into hot water and deftly unwinding the yellow thread, singing the while with a ringing first and seconds. One of these maidens was rowing as before described, standing, and laboriously though steadily propelling the large boat, in which a young mother and babe were seated at the stern; for all the labour, the brave rower was pouring out an Italian song with all the trills and runs of a practised professional, not to say of the lark itself. Every boat that came near increased the appreciative audience.

The lake, like Genesaret and other inland seas, is not without danger. A storm will sometimes sweep down from the surrounding mountains with very little warning, and its force is apt to take away all the nerve even of the native boatmen. Some of our friends were caught in such a squall, when, to their amazement, the men burst into tears, and the English travellers themselves were obliged to hearten them on and take a turn at the oars. An experienced eye and the reading of the barometer will generally give indications of storm or calm; one leading rule with the boatmen being, that as long as the weather is

very hot there is no danger. Judging by that test we felt pretty safe, for the heat in July was overwhelming; even the innumerable grasshoppers appeared to feel it, and the lizards running on every stone wall must have been well-nigh baked.

Without knowing the geography of the various ports and landing-places, we attempted no very long cruises alone; and it is an invariable rule to have a large inflated life-preserving cushion in case of emergencies. Within short distances there are endless objects of interest. One day, however, when a smart breeze was blowing, we had crossed the lake to Cadennabbia. The waves were good honest rollers, and the only thing that needed special attention was to avoid the rocks, visible or sunken, as we coasted along to Menaggio. But emerging from the lee of the mid promontory the waves were more broken and violent, and the boat was rather small for such a sea; just at the very moment, pulling too hard—a great mistake in many cases—an oar suddenly broke; unhappily there was not a second pair, a point which should never be forgotten in stormy weather, nor any provision at the stern for propelling with one; if only a wave lifted the boat and dropped it upon one of the pointed rocklets in all directions, she must certainly sink. The distance from shore was not great, and if the worst came it would be possible to hold on to some of these little rocks till help arrived. However, the captain managed to keep in open water till a temporary rowlock was rigged up in the form of a rope made fast to the boat's side; and then with some difficulty we cleared a projecting point and made bold to enter the boat-house of an Italian villa, starting thence soon after for the little port of Meneggio, where an extra pair of oars could be obtained. The worst came when the danger was past, for having crossed again to Bellagio, in attempting to land on the windward side of the pier, instead of going round to the smooth water under her lee, the prow touched the shingle, and the water came over the stern before the first mate could escape a severe wetting.

It is a grand region; true, the fruit is poor; the peaches (twopence a pound at Como) are imitations of leather; and the pretty fire-flies, common enough on the sunny side of the Alps, are rare hereabouts; but there are ripe figs in abundance; the cicadas, with their noisy chirping, are not nearly so troublesome as in the plains of Lombardy; and the nightingale, which ceases her song in England early in June, here is still in full voice towards the end of July. Even at night the lake has its charms, as the bright fire-light on the fishers' boat, going gently before the wind, throws its cheerful reflections on all the windows and ceilings of the hotel. For a month of enjoyment commend me to the Lake of Como, especially in the spring; indeed, at any time, so long as it be not in a canoe, but in a companionable craft which does not suggest the idea of injustice both to oneself and to the nobler part of the creation.

This paper was read to a member of the Canoe Club; he faithfully promised me a black ball whenever my name should be mentioned. It was also read to an assembly of ladies. Scarcely was it concluded amid rounds of applause, when it was moved by five of the fair committee, seconded by seven, and supported by the whole company, that the paper supplied a most wholesome lesson to the forgetful sex; and that it should be printed immediately—at my expense.



Rain Pictures.

RAIN from a blackened cloud ;
Down in a drenching rush, whilst the gusty wind blows loud,
And the muffled thunder breaks and ranges in dull deep roar,
As the plunge of the pouring flood grows awfully more and more.

Rain from the cottage eaves ;
Dripping so gentle and soft thro' the budding of green spring
leaves,
Whilst the birds cower close in their nests and watch it with
bright quick eyes,
Then prune their breasts with their bills and twitter a glad
surprise.

Rain on an ocean cape ;
Where the surge strikes its caverns and crags, and mists wrap
its terrible shape,
And a lonely ship is seen a-shudder on ocean bare,
As the wind slacks out of her sails into leaden motionless air.

Rain on a field of corn ;
Rustling its yellow breadth in the clear white light of morn,
And the gracious drops fall fast on the dust-dried ear and blade,
Then trickles adown the stems where the scarlet poppies are
laid.

Rain on a factory town ;
Pressing the shroud of smoke closer and closer down,
Till the furnaces glare aghast and the engines shriek as they
strain,
And the toilers by anvil or loom are faint with a new-found
pain.

Rain on the old churchyard ;
Where the quiet flowers bloom in the depths of the soft thick
sward,
And the rich and the poor lie down in a common unbroken rest,
And the passion has ebbed away from each now tranquil breast.

Rain past a rainbow high ;
Arched o'er this little earth, spanning the whole vast sky,
Teaching that trouble must come, and torrents of tears must
fall,
But a throne has been set up in heaven : a Promise is over all.

ALFRED NORRIS.



OUR IRON ROADS.

XIII.—LOST LUGGAGE AND ITS DESTINATION.

DURING the year 1871 some 375,000,000 journeys were made on our railways. As the majority of the passengers take something into the train which may easily be lost, while many—particularly ladies—are accompanied by numerous packages of luggage of all sorts and sizes, it is not a matter for much surprise that occasionally some of such articles fail to reach their destination. The labelling of luggage, as practised on many lines, tends in a great measure to prevent losses. Even this, however, does not exempt the passenger from these troublesome risks.

An inquiry into the plan adopted by railway companies with regard to lost property, will show how much trouble they take to restore it to the owner. When a passenger train arrives at the end of its journey the carriages are most carefully searched. If any articles are found, a record is taken, giving full description of each package, and stating on what day, in what train, and by whom found. Every station is required to send to the clearing-house a return of all articles found, giving full particulars of the same: if umbrellas, the colour and material must be mentioned; if hats, the number and maker's name; if boxes, the colour and material and any peculiarity they may present. If articles thus found are addressed, there is of course little difficulty in dealing with them; if they contain no address, at the expiration of a week and after every effort has been made to find the owner, the rule is to examine the contents. When a month has passed the packages are forwarded to the Lost Luggage Office. After an accumulation extending over twelve months, the contents of one of these offices may well be described as a "curiosity shop." Umbrellas, as might be expected, generally muster in good force, accompanied by walking-sticks of all descriptions; then there are carpet bags, leather bags, portmanteaus, books, etc., etc. As a list of miscellaneous articles, imagine the assorted contents of twenty carpet bags! After the expiration of at least a year, a clearance is made by means of an auction sale, where, it is hardly necessary to state, good bargains are often made. This sale is also made the opportunity for disposing of articles which have been mis-sent or damaged during transit by goods train, and for which the company has in most cases had to pay in the shape of claims made by the owners. Everything is sold without reserve, whether the price offered be large or small. The reader may feel somewhat curious to know something of the prices realised at these auctions. At one of these sales some years ago the current prices were somewhat as follows:—Twenty vests, 9s.; eighteen shirts, 20s.; forty-six aprons and four pairs of stays, 9s.; fifty-four Bibles, Testaments, and prayer-books for the small sum of 12s.

The plan of providing security by means of insurance has of late been extending itself in all directions, and it has now come to the rescue of the property of railway travellers in the shape of "The Railway Passengers' Luggage Insurance and Express Delivery Company" recently established. The intention of the company is to issue tickets of insurance for luggage at every railway-station in the United Kingdom on the same principle as that adopted by

the Passengers' Insurance Company for accidents. The proposed rates are as follows:—

To insure £50 ..	3d.	not exceeding 6 packages.
" £30 ..	2d.	" 4 "
" £10 ..	1d.	" 2 "

Annual tickets are to be issued to commercial travellers, for whose baggage the companies do not now hold themselves responsible in case of loss.

XIV.—AMALGAMATION AND COMPETITION.

Perhaps the strongest argument that can be urged in favour of amalgamation, is the number of combinations which have been effected in the past. For instance, the London and North-Western Company now comprises no less than sixty-one lines, each started as an independent company; the Great Eastern has taken into its management twenty-seven separate undertakings; the Great Northern is made up of nineteen once distinct concerns; the Lancashire and Yorkshire, in a similar manner, consists of nineteen railways; and if the proposed amalgamation with the London and North-Western Company is carried out, the joint railway will consist of no less than eighty what were originally separate lines. The London and South-Western has taken into partnership twenty-two lines; the London, Brighton, and South Coast, twenty-two; the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire is the product of eleven railways; and the Midland has taken to itself seventeen lines.

One of the most important combinations which has been proposed is that between the London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies; if carried into effect the combined railway will have lines to the extent of about 2,000 miles, more than one-eighth of the railway mileage of the United Kingdom, with a capital of £78,000,000. The joint receipts for 1871 amounted to £9,672,568, or more than one-fifth the total receipts of all the lines in Great Britain. With such an extent of territory and such a revenue it is hardly to be wondered that those whose interests would be effected should look on such a combination with some degree of alarm. The Midland Company, for example, must suffer without some compensating advantage in the shape of running powers or other facilities.

The principle of amalgamation seems to be generally admitted as sound, and for the most part is only opposed by interested persons. That a vast amount of money has been unnecessarily spent in competition the shareholders generally could testify. It is true that the companies agree to charge the same rates from and to certain places, but there are other ways in which competition can be carried on, as in the endeavours made by the companies to excel each other in expeditious transit and public accommodation. There are numerous cases where one company's route to a given point is twice the distance of that of another company, and yet the same rates are charged. In many instances, too, one railway could no doubt carry all the traffic without much increase in rolling stock or addition to the working expenditure in any other way.

If judiciously carried out, amalgamation must benefit the shareholders, for as amalgamation increases, working expenditure must decrease. The great point at issue seems to be as to how far the public interest will be considered. The step taken

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by the Midland Company of booking third-class passengers by all trains, and followed by some other lines with satisfactory results, seems to indicate that railway companies are alive to the fact that reasonable fares and rates pay the best. While a reduction of rates might not immediately follow an amalgamation, so much would be saved by joint management and working arrangements that the company would find itself able to offer some advantage to the public. To attract traffic reasonable fares should be charged, the comfort of passengers looked after, punctuality as far as possible ensured, and the carriages well warmed and ventilated.

Both the chairman and manager of the Midland Company have expressed themselves in favour of the whole system being merged into a few large concerns. Such a disposition of our railways would doubtless be an advantage to the shareholders as well as to the public.

XV.—SIGNALS, ETC.

Great improvements have been, and are still being, made in the systems of signalling. The most approved plan, and one which is most successful, is what is called the block system. It answers as well on the short Metropolitan Railway, which has more than a thousand trains a day passing over its lines, as it does on the London and North-Western line with its enormous mileage, and the system is now being rapidly extended. It is difficult to imagine any mode of signalling which can produce an equal amount of safety to the passengers, the principle being that no train travelling in the same direction shall ever approach nearer to another than the distances which the signalmen's boxes are apart. These distances vary according to circumstances, but as long as the signals are properly made by the signalman, and attended to by the driver, it is impossible for one train to run into another. Let us take, as an example, the signal-boxes at Bedford, Wootton, and Ampthill, on the Midland line between Bedford and London. We will suppose that the morning mail from Leeds has arrived at Bedford, and is about to proceed on its journey to London, and that a goods train has preceded it a quarter of an hour, which would about allow time enough for it to shunt at Ampthill station. When the train has passed the signal-box at Wootton, the signalman there telegraphs to the one at Bedford that the line is clear, thus intimating that there is no train on the up line between Bedford and Wootton. Directly the passenger train referred to arrives at Bedford, the signalman, if he has received the signal of "line clear," allows the train to pass him, and at once telegraphs to Wootton that a train is on the up line. The Wootton signalman, if he has received a signal from Ampthill of "line clear," allows the train to pass him also, but if not he exhibits his signal accordingly. We will now suppose that this passenger train is still between Bedford and Wootton, and another train, approaching in the same direction, whistles to the Bedford signalman for permission to proceed. This is refused until the Wootton signalman telegraphs that the line is clear. The same plan is carried out at every signal-box the train has to pass, of whatever nature it may be, whether an express passenger train, or the slowest goods train which stops at all the stations. It will thus be seen that, however great the traffic, it can be conducted with almost absolute

safety, the only difference being, that with a very large number of trains per hour, the signal-boxes are placed nearer together, as on the Metropolitan Railway.

The importance of signals cannot be estimated too highly, for upon their proper working the safety of life and property greatly depends. The railway companies have paid a considerable amount of attention to this matter, but the fact that in 1871 fifty-three out of 159 train accidents resulted from defective signals and want of some system of interlocking, shows that there is much yet to be done to make the mode of signalling thoroughly efficient. About two years ago Messrs. Saxby and Farmer patented some improvements in switch locking apparatus. Among other advantages they have contrived so that the points are wedged firmly and immovably in the position indicated by the signal; and whilst a train is actually travelling through the points it is itself master of the situation, not even the signalman can, either intentionally or inadvertently, change their position or disturb them until the whole of the train is safely passed. It is surely a matter for some surprise that the companies have not more generally adopted some such plan. What would be the trifling expense necessary to substitute these improvements for existing and worn-out arrangements, compared with the terrible loss of life resulting from accidents?

With regard to the general features of the system, most people have doubtless some little knowledge, *i.e.*, that a red signal denotes "danger," a green one "caution," and a white one "all right." Each station or junction is provided with what is called a semaphore. This is fitted with arms, one for the up and one for the down line. If raised to the full extent, it forbids the passing of any train. If the arm is lowered half way, the driver of a train knows that he may cautiously proceed. If the arm is folded close to the body, so to speak, he knows that he can proceed at the usual speed.

At a distance of some hundreds of yards from the stations, auxiliary signals are erected. These are connected with the pointsman's box by means of a wire, and by the use of a lever can be put "off" or "on" as occasion requires. In very foggy weather explosive signals are used. Under such circumstances a man is stationed at such a distance from the ordinary signals as will enable him to distinguish their movements. When a train approaches he fixes one or more of the signals on the metals, according to the nature of the signal he wishes to convey to the driver.

Only a few years since it was necessary for the pointsman to walk to every set of points during the shunting or passing of a train. It was no unusual thing for him to have to hold over, simply with the weight of his own body, a set of facing points while a train was passing at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Arrangements have, however, now been made by which a pointsman can work a dozen or more signals, and as many sets of points, without going outside the door of his hut.

A great improvement has very recently been introduced at the New Street station, Birmingham, which dispenses with the not always agreeable railway whistle. Telegraph wires have been laid down from the departure platform to the signal-boxes. The apparatus for conveying the signal is kept in a box at the station, the platform inspector having the key. When the train is about to start the inspector signals

the fact, and at the same time announces the direction and character of the train. The train is not allowed to proceed until the signalman telegraphs that the line is clear, and then off it goes.

XVI.—A WIRE RAILWAY—FESTINIOG RAILWAY—GAUGES—FELL'S INVENTION.

Among the most recent inventions in connection with our modes of conveyance is what may be termed an *overground* railway. This is known by the name of Wire Tramway, and the plan certainly possesses one great advantage, viz., the smallness of the outlay necessary to its construction. It consists of an endless rope in two lines, forming the up and down road. This rope is supported on a series of pulleys attached to substantial posts, and at one end of the line is placed a drum round which the rope is made to revolve, either by steam or water power. Cars are firmly attached to, or rather suspended from, the rope, and an ingenious contrivance is provided which enables the cars to pass the posts with ease as well as with safety. This over-head system of locomotion is found very useful at quarries for conveying material to the railway stations. When the system has been brought to perfection, and safety tolerably certain, we may expect to see passengers carried in this way.

Many parts of the country are without railway accommodation from the fact that the outlay necessary to construct a line, as railways are now usually made, would be too great. The question naturally arises, therefore, whether it is not possible to make much cheaper railways. The Festiniog line in North Wales, which has been in existence many years, may be taken as a model in this respect. Originally, this was intended only for the conveyance of slates to Portmadoc; it has, however, for some years been utilised as a means of carrying passengers. It may give some idea of the construction of this railway, if it is stated that the lines are two feet wide, the cars are ten feet long, six and a quarter feet wide, six and a quarter feet high, and will accommodate ten passengers, who sit back to back along the middle of the carriage. The engine is, of course, of proportionate dimensions. This lilliputian railway forms a great attraction to the tourist in North Wales, for, in addition to the enjoyment of the ride on this novel line, the scenery through which it passes is amongst the finest in the kingdom. There are many places at present far from a railway to which such an iron road, or even a tramway, would be of an immense advantage.

With one or two exceptions the gauges on the lines of the United Kingdom are now uniform, the Great Western Company having recently replaced their old broad gauge roads with narrow gauge as used on the other railways. In India and the Australian colonies the battle of the gauges is still raging. In our own country we have pretty well settled down to the belief that this battle has been fought out. It would seem, nevertheless, that the question will ere long need reconsideration. Many of the existing branch lines are unremunerative. In not a few of such instances railways with a gauge similar to that in use on the Festiniog line would fully provide for the requirements of the traffic, and at the same time be remunerative to the shareholders. In the United States a three-foot gauge has proved a great success, and in new undertakings the same gauge is to be employed. In this country we have

become so inured to the existing system that no other seems to be dreamt of. Our great railway system will, however, never reach its complete development until its benefits have been extended to many important places where now the carrier's one-horse cart forms the chief and only means of conveyance, and in order that this extension may be made to its fullest extent, the introduction of some less costly mode of communication is indispensable.

As a means of distributing stores in the Aldershot Camp, an experiment has recently been made with a suspended railway, invented by Mr. Fell, which promises to be a great success. One of its great advantages is the comparatively small cost of construction. On this point it is said that on an average an expenditure of not more than £2,000 per mile is necessary to make the roads. The railway consists of a continuous structure formed of wood.

GOLDEN LANE COSTERMONGERS.

THE district of Golden Lane, which runs from the Barbican to Old Street Road, and has numberless queer thoroughfares communicating with it, is one of the least inviting places to be found in immediate proximity to the City. It is exceedingly populous, it is exceedingly busy, and it is exceedingly squalid and dirty. The population is of a very mixed description, consisting in good part of a humble class of workers of both sexes, of another class, who, it is to be feared, live by their wits or their vices, and of a multitude who are of no class at all unless it be the vagabond class, and whose means of living it might be hard to come at. Separate, and in a manner distinct from the other denizens of the district, is a pretty large settlement of costermongers, who almost from time out of mind have here taken up their abode, determined probably in the selection of this locality by its central position, favourable for trade, and the advantages it offers in the cheapness of the accommodation it affords. A population of such a character, shut out, as it were, from all intercourse of a civilising and moralising kind, must inevitably grow more and more corrupt and degraded the more it is left to itself—and indeed this woeful progression from bad to worse had been going on for many years, until those manful endeavours to bring about a reformation were begun to which we ask the attention of our readers.

About twelve years ago Mr. Orsman discovered this district—that is, he made the discovery that it was a field for missionary labour and enterprise, and one crying aloud for missionary zeal and self-devotion at our very doors. Filled with pity for the people who were being destroyed for lack of knowledge, and actuated by the fervour which such pity inspires, he resolved to do what could be done, so far as in him lay, to bring the light of the gospel into these dark places. Armed with a Bible and a bundle of tracts, he plunged into the moral gloom, and for a time had to fight his way single-handed. We are not going to tell of the obstacles he met with and the difficulties he had to overcome. These are chronicled modestly enough in the brief reports of the Golden Lane Mission, and we refer the reader for many interesting details to the reports themselves. One thing is sufficiently clear throughout, and that is that Mr. Orsman never accepts a defeat, but if foiled for a season in one quarter, just sets his face towards

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another, and goes to work with redoubled vigour. The costers, naturally enough, as the class standing most in need of sympathy and assistance, became his special, though by no means his exclusive care. They are a singular race, as we all know; they exist but by prescriptive privilege; they are bold, reckless, and sublimely indifferent to public opinion, which alternately brands them as a nuisance, and welcomes them as an indispensable domestic convenience; they are curt and rough in speech, and by no means ceremonious in manner; they are too much given to beer and too little to politeness; but yet their character has its bright side: they are frank and straightforward; they work hard and live hard; they will get up at any time you like of a morning, and are seen crowding the markets in the wintry fog hours before it is light; they are kind and humane to their animals, and they will "fork out a copper or two for a poor cove wot's down in his luck."

Now Mr. Orsman's grand aim was to Christianise these poor men—to show them the path of life and peace, and persuade them to walk in it. He knew that the way to their hearts was only to be found by practical sympathy, and he made them see that he had made their interests his own, and was ready and glad to help them in any way in which a man can help his fellow-man. His hearty earnestness told upon others who were like-minded, and he met with fellow-helpers; and as his work grew under his hands his hands were made stronger. The friends of the poor contributed funds. The Earl of Shaftesbury came with his personal aid and his influence, and active hands and zealous hearts joined in the labour. Gradual though the progress was, it became in time sufficiently marked and encouraging, so that in a few years "a most remarkable change was visible in the moral, physical, and religious condition of the district."

Looking at the Golden Lane Mission as it exists at the present moment, we find that the Bible and the bundle of tracts in the hands of a single volunteer, have grown and developed into an efficient and organised machinery equally adapted for spiritual, educational, and social and benevolent purposes. From the printed programme of the week we get a good idea of the amount of work constantly going on. On Sunday, divine service morning and evening, Sunday school and Bible classes; on every day in the week except Saturday, a free day and ragged school; devotional and prayer meetings on week-day evenings; popular lectures and entertainments; musical classes; patching and mending class for ragged boys; mothers' meetings, etc. Such are some of the agencies constantly in operation. To them must be added others of special importance to the costers and the struggling poor of the place; these are the barrow and donkey club, by aid of which the saving and industrious coster may become the proprietor of his equipage—and the Emily Fund (so named after the late Countess of Shaftesbury) established for assisting, by loans without interest, poor fruit and flower girls who from illness or other cause are without means. A number of gentlemen whose names are well known in connection with labours of this kind have joined the donkey and barrow club, and have provided barrows which are lent gratuitously to indigent and deserving members. We find, on our visit, a group of these subscription barrows standing in a corner of the yard in the rear of the mission house; among them Lord Shaftesbury's

barrow, "the Earl," having a coronet blazoned on the side panel, and shining in the dignity of decorative paint.

The reader may, perhaps, remember that about a year ago the vestrymen of St. Luke's resolved (in an unguarded moment, let us hope) upon a step which would almost have abolished the profession of coster in their parish, and reduced them and their families to beggary. Mr. Orsman flew to the rescue; the London press supported him; and the Earl of Shaftesbury wrote a letter to the vestry, a letter so touching in its contents and so admirably put, that the vestrymen relented, rescinded their decree, and left the costers to the enjoyment of their prescriptive rights. This is a typical instance of the practical interest taken by the Mission in the welfare of the costers, and we recall the circumstance now for the sake of expressing our conviction that the successful interference of the Mission in this matter was a gain not only to the poor men immediately concerned, but also, and to a much greater extent, to the community at large. For it happens to be the fact, unfortunately, that the calling of a coster is almost the only available trade that is open to a poor fellow who has gone astray and lost character, and is longing for an opportunity of returning to the path of rectitude. Shut up this, and some few other analogous callings, and you forbid the fallen man to rise again, and close the gates of industry to thousands who would be willing to work if you would let them.

Of the benevolent operations of the Mission, not the least interesting are the dinners to poor children, of which some 38,000 have been given within the last few years, between four and five thousand of which were eaten in the school during last winter. The children thus fed once or twice a week are literally of the hungry and destitute class, who but for the hospitality thus accorded them would rarely taste really nourishing food. Another excellent work is the visitation of the sick, which is regularly carried on by the missionary and other friends, who render what assistance is needed; and by means of letters for the London hospitals, sent them by kind-hearted people, are often able to transfer the poor sufferers to the hospital wards. Again, there is the Maternity Fund, supported by charitable ladies, by which the lives of poor women are often preserved in their time of trouble, the missionary testifying that were it not for the aid thus afforded, many would lie in, and probably die of cold and starvation from want of due clothing and nourishment.

It is desirable, of course, that with the means of moral and physical progress there should be coupled those of recreation and social enjoyment. So there are summer excursions to the sea-side for the older boys and girls and their teachers, and to some outlying suburb away from London smoke for the younger children. Then, when Christmas comes, there is a grand gathering at the House, the house swarming with the needy guests crowding in by hundreds to do justice to the Christmas cheer, and enjoy the amusements which follow. Then, in the pleasant month of May, comes the annual tea-meeting, a festival of special importance, seeing that what then takes place generally comes before the public, making us all acquainted with some of the phases of the coster's life, and shows us what the Mission has done and is doing for him. We shall take the liberty of quoting from a record of the meeting of the 15th May last, as chronicled by an eye-witness.

On this occasion "the costers held high revel in the Mission Hall, and the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, accompanied by his daughter, the Lady Victoria Ashley, and his son, the Hon. Lionel Ashley, was present to help them to make merry, and to cheer them in their good work. There were tea and cakes for the costers, their wives and sweethearts. The female costers had to enjoy themselves as best they could in the yard attached to the Mission Hall, which was tastefully fitted up for the occasion, and decorated with flags and bannerets, and such mottoes as 'Welcome to all,' 'The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works,' 'Religion is the best armour a man can wear, but it is the worst cloak,' and others of a like character. Although temporarily deprived of masculine society, the ladies appeared to enjoy themselves fully as much as the members of the more helpless sex who had 'tea and trimmings' in an upper room. Between male and female, fully two hundred genuine members of the 'profession' were regaled. Nothing could exceed the orderly and decorous manner in which both sexes enjoyed themselves. There was no loud talking, no boisterous laughter, nor the slightest outrage on propriety—if we except the occasional comments of a model 'moke' exhibited in the yard, 'a hanimal wot could do 'is two mile in sebn minnits,' and who was brought there as a specimen of what a donkey *can* become under good treatment, and who now and then elevated his voice in approval of the proceedings. After tea all adjourned to the large upper room, which was crowded, and as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Orsman, and other friends entered, they were greeted with hearty English cheers by the costers, and with still louder acclamations Lord Shaftesbury was voted to the chair.

"The proceedings were opened with prayer and the singing of a hymn, after which Mr. Orsman proposed a resolution welcoming the noble lord, and, in referring to the success of the Mission, said that that success was not the result of begging-letters or sensational appeals, but had been brought about, under God, by the exertions of the costermongers themselves, who had shown themselves in the recent agitation in reference to Sunday trading better men than many of the shopkeepers of St. Luke's. St. Luke's was the largest costermonger district in London. There were probably not less than twenty thousand men, women, and children depending on the street trade in the district, and he, who knew them, could testify that they were as industrious and honest as any other class in the community.

"Other speakers followed, among them a costermonger who had been a sailor, but having lost his right leg and taken to the coster trade, was now able to tell his brother traders that by dint of hard work and carefulness he had been able to pay seven pounds ten for a shaft-cart, and three pounds ten for a 'moke' as good as the model animal below stairs. The sailor was succeeded by a soldier, a smart, manly fellow, who had 'served his Queen and country for two years, and when he was wounded in China he was thrown aside with a pension for two years.' This ex-military man is secretary to the Costermongers' Protection Society, and he spoke at some length in a downright practical way, advocating the claims of his fraternity, and exhorting them to the practice of temperance, while admitting that he was not himself a total abstainer. It is not to be wondered at that he sat down amidst very hearty

applause. To him succeeded a deputation from the costermongers of Somers Town; then a vestryman of St. Luke's, and finally, Lord Shaftesbury, who spoke, as usual, sensibly and well to his humble friends, and was greeted with the applause which his presence among them always elicits. At length the meeting, or *réunion*, terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to Lord Shaftesbury, and the singing of a hymn; and the costermongers, male and female, left the Mission Hall looking pleased and contented—each one of them the custodian of a mammoth sandwich consisting of about a pound of bread and half a pound of meat."

Here we must pause, not but that there is plenty more to be said about Golden Lane and its surroundings, and the various influences at work there among the poor under guidance of the leading spirits at the Mission. Other details the reader may gather, as we have already suggested, from the reports—or, better still, he can betake himself to 124, Golden Lane, remark what is going on, and assure himself that the movement is in every way helpful to his humble brethren, and therefore worthy of all the assistance he can render it.

HERALDIC CANTING.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M.A.

A CANTING man or woman we know all about. Such people are not common, not even so common as they used to be; but when they do appear upon the everyday stage, and are described as "that canting Mrs. Fitz-Pharisee," or "those canting young Roundabouts," nobody thinks of asking, "What is the meaning of 'canting,' pray?" The term "canting," in its moral and social bearings, implies such a suspicion and likelihood of hypocrisy that no vocal peculiarity, no whine or sing-song of the mere voice, justifies its use. As one may be a hypocrite without being a canting hypocrite, so one may have an unhappy nasal whine without being a necessary hypocrite. The word "canting" has not, however, quite made up its mind as yet whether it shall go beyond the mere suspicion of hypocrisy. A "cant" is not a matter-of-course hypocrite, so far. But the two words live very near together, and are on very good terms.

About "Heraldic Canting" there is no doubt or question at all. It is as certainly straightforward as the social canting is uncertainly crooked. And yet we do not know so much about a canting crest, a canting motto, or canting arms, as we do about a canting man or woman.

Before explaining by illustration the signification and drift of these heraldic expressions, it should be remarked that heraldry has a language of its own, or at least a terminology of its own, as distinct as the "Rommany" of the gipsies, or the nomenclature of the botanists. The colour which ordinary mortals look upon as red is called "gules" in this heraldic language, gold colour is "or," and silver white is "argent." Many of the people who pay two guineas a year for the privilege of having their handsome coat-of-arms borne upon the panels of their carriages, know no more about how to describe them in good set phrase, than inexperienced ritualists know the correct names and titles which appertain to the modern science and art of severe ritualism.

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On this principle, if principle it be, the term "punning," which everybody knows, becomes "canting" the moment it is applied to a crest or motto. The crest of Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever became pope (as Adrian IV), was a broken spear, for example; the motto of the Seton family is "Set on," and the Oxford city arms are an ox crossing a ford. Heraldry does not call these punning, but it calls them canting devices and fancies—why canting I cannot tell. The French term, *armes parlantes*, or "speaking shields," may be explanatory, as suggesting that "canting arms" are "singing arms," arms that "speak" or "chant" their meaning, and softly sing their punning suggestions and allusions. I can think of no other derivational explanation.

Some of these canting fancies are striking, and most of them are remarkable, only a very few being silly or trifling, and those few probably not of ancient date or illustrious origin. The canting is not always English canting, but sometimes French or Latin. Sometimes an English name cants out its motto in Latin or French; sometimes the cant or pun is but the family name cut in halves, and sometimes the allusion is more or less obscure. There are not many names which would not suffer, even if they did not suggest, canting arms, or crests, or mottoes.

The best known of all canting mottoes is that of the Vernons. There is a bit of Latin, known to schoolboys, which says, "Ver non semper viret;" or, Spring not always flourishes; join together the two first words and the bit of Latin becomes "Vernon semper viret;" or, Vernon always flourishes: a play upon words which is really neat and witty. Another motto is associated with the sturdy old Cromwellian Fairfaxes, and is also Latin, viz., "Fare fac," Say and do; or, Preach and practise; or (freely), A word and a blow. Pronunciation is taken great liberties with in these canting mottoes, "fare fac" being treated as if it were two syllables, whereas (unlike Fairfax) it really is three; and two-syllabled "cave," Latin for beware, being the motto of the one-syllabled English Cave family. Again, the Pierreponts have "Pie reponet," which reads in its Piereponete form as if it were a two-syllabled exhortation instead of being, what it really is, a direction made up of three Latin words and six Latin syllables; but what of that? It looks like Pierrepont, it has got a meaning, if not a very clear or forcible meaning, and so it does its duty by the family who have adopted it as well as does many another motto. Its meaning is authoritatively given as "Repose with pious confidence," which is as free a translation as can often be found. In the Onslow motto, a Latin proverb, "Festina lente," which signifies Advance slowly, or, On slow, conveys the pun with considerable aptness, grammar being no obstacle, adjectives being usable for adverbs, and *vice versa*, in the manufacture or adoption of canting mottoes. I remember, years ago, hearing a poetical puzzle, as it was called, out of which you were to find the names of trees; and in looking into the heraldic question of canting mottoes, I am strongly reminded of that not very cryptographic poem. "The tree that invites you to travel" was orange, "the tree where ships may be" was the bay, and "the tree that is nearest the sea" was—need I say?—the beech. That was really a kind of botanical, or arboricultural cant, which strongly resembles the heraldic.

The canting crests and arms are as clever as the

canting mottoes. The crest of the Woods is an oak; a sheaf of cummin is borne by a branch of the Comyns; the Trotter family bear a horse; the Harthills, a hart on a hill; the Cranstons, some cranes; the Frasers, some *fraises*, or strawberry-flowers; the Castletons, a castle or two, and the like. Some families, taking extra pains to avow that they are not ashamed of their name and its significations, and not content with either canting crest or canting motto, show both; as, for example, the ancient Lockharts, who carry hearts and fetter-locks on their shield, and whose noble motto is, "I open locked hearts," done into Latin, and in this case into correct and non-barbaric Latin.

One of the most singular canting mottoes I have discovered cants indirectly, and by means of the initial letter of its four component words. It is "Kynd kyn knawne keppe," or, Keep your own kin kind, don't indulge in family quarrels, and this is the motto of the Kaye family, I think the Lister-Kaye family. Those four initial K's are the evidently *parlante* part of the fancy, and I cannot recall any other motto that puns upon a letter, doubtless because such names as Hay (A), Kew (Q), and Ough (O), are, if they exist, not soon found. Of the rhyming as well as canting motto of the Doyles, "Do no yll (no ill or noil), quoth Doyle," I have treated elsewhere; as also of the Nevilles, "Ne vile velis;" of the Fanes, "Ne vile fano," and of the Cavendishes, "Cavendo tutus." The Bompases, "Un bon pas," the Maynards, "Manus justa nardus," the Veres, "Vero nil verius," and a score of others, are both curious and interesting. In heraldry, and in this feature of heraldry, there is much food for thought and much opportunity for research. The links that bind us to the past are worth preservation, be they ancient manuscripts, venerable tombstones, heraldic bearings, or what they may. If crests and mottoes have given occasion to some folly and pretentiousness, they have also shed a lustre upon many an historic page, cleared up many an archaeological difficulty, and preserved many a noble tradition. This may be said, not of course especially, but inclusively, of canting crests, *armes parlantes*, and punning mottoes.

Varieties.

LONDON CITY MISSION.—The London City Mission was founded May 16, 1835. Its simple object is to take the gospel to every house, garret, and cellar; and to beseech men to be reconciled to God. It knows nothing of sects or parties, nor does it seek to proselyte in any other way than to make the wicked holy, and the worthless valuable members of society. Its sphere of operation is the great metropolis, which covers more than 200 square miles, and which contains above 3,000,000 souls. The number of missionaries is now 416. Every missionary visits once a month about 500 families, or 2,000 persons. Their work is to pioneer a path among the most wretched and debased of our fellow-creatures, in which the faithful pastor may in due time follow. They read the Scriptures, pray with and exhort the people, give them tracts, see that the children go to school, and that every family is possessed of a copy of the Word of God. They attend the death-bed scenes of some of those who are dying uncared for, and hold meetings for prayer and exhortation for the benefit of the poor whom they can collect in rooms upon their own district; and who commonly neglect public worship. The committee is composed of an equal number of members of the Established Church and of Dis-

senters; while among the missionaries are found Churchmen, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, and Baptists, all harmoniously working for the one grand object of seeking and of saving the lost. More than 1,000 persons die in the metropolis every week, and many of them as much neglected as to their spiritual state as if they died in the interior of Africa. The number of adult persons who died last year in the districts visited exclusively by the missionaries was 2,131. Special missionaries have been appointed to visit bakers, night and day cabmen, drovers, omnibus-men, soldiers, and sailors; also to the French, the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Danes, and the Orientals; the Jews, the Irish, the Welsh, the gypsies, Greenwich pensioners, Chelsea pensioners, letter-carriers, gasmen, the docks, and the inmates of workhouses, hospitals, and fallen females, resident in the metropolis. Seven missionaries have also been appointed to the special visitation of public-houses and coffee-shops. But how much remains to be done! At least 200 districts of London are still in a most destitute and degraded condition, and nearly, if not altogether, neglected. A general meeting of the missionaries and the officers of the society is held on New Year's morning, and also a meeting in summer, generally a country excursion. There are monthly prayer-meetings, a hundred in four sections. The mission-house and secretaries' office is at present in Red Lion Square. The committee are building a house in Blackfriars, not far from the house of the British and Foreign Bible Society. At midsummer there had been obtained £7,000 out of the £10,000 required. The site is that of the old Bridewell prison, as a sign and omen, let us hope, of the better spirit of the age, which seeks to diminish crime and misery rather by the restoring influence of the gospel than by punishment.

THIRTY YEARS' PROGRESS.—In 1842 our British exports were something over 47 millions, in 1870 they were 200 millions. The importation of wheat in 1842 was some 14 millions, in 1870 it was 37 millions. Your raw cotton consumption in 1842 was 486 million pounds, in 1870 it was one billion and one million pounds. So with all your exports. With woollens, with which you are so interested in this county, in 1842, it was 5,200,000; in 1870, 21,500,000. The tonnage of your shipping in 1842 was something over 3,000,000; in 1870, something over 5,000,000. Hear the greatest wonder of all,—between 1842 and 1870 you remitted over £25,000,000 of Customs and Excise duties, and your Customs and Excise remain very much the same. This is what I may fairly call a fairy tale of statistics, for if any man had put these facts down on paper 40 years ago, he would have been termed a fool and a dreamer.—*Lord Houghton.*

SAINT VIAR.—An ancient fragment of stone was found at Rome with the letters S. VIAR. It was an unknown name, but it would serve as well as any other to establish a new shrine, and extract money from the ignorant and superstitious. Application was made to the Pope for indulgences on account of prayers offered to Saint Viar! On the inscription being examined by those troublesome people the antiquarians, the stone was at once seen to be a fragment of a milestone, and the holy letters were evidently part of the official title of the surveyor or inspector of roads, the S being the last letter of *præfectus*, or perhaps *curatores*, and the VIAR the four first letters of *viarium*. The office of curator *viarum* is often referred to in the catacomb inscriptions.—*The Catacombs of Rome, by Benjamin Scott, F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the City of London.*

DEBT AND THRIFT.—You may educate a man as highly as you please; you may give him the franchise, and call upon him to exercise it as often as you think fit; you may provide the best newspapers in the world to tell him what is going on, and museums and galleries without end to cultivate his taste; but no amount of political freedom, or of literary culture, or refinement, will carry with them the sense of independence or of self-respect, so long as he knows that he is in somebody else's power, that he has on his shoulders a burden of debt from which he cannot shake himself loose. That is a slavery almost as degrading, and, I am afraid, almost as common, as the kindred slavery, drunkenness. And I may say, in passing, that if temperate habits are likely to keep a man from debt, as the advocates of temperance are always and very truly telling us, so, on the other hand, there is nothing more likely to create intemperate habits than the perpetual harassing, worry, and anxiety of pecuniary embarrassments, while nothing can more effectually confirm in any man the resolution to keep sober than the desire to lay by, in youth and middle life, what may be a provision for sickness, for old age, for the widow whom he may leave, or for the children whom he may come after him. What we contend for, briefly, is this: that a very large part of the

suffering which we all deplore is caused by want of habits of economy and forethought; that where people have been accustomed for many years to live from hand to mouth, it is all but impossible, as a rule, to induce them to change their habits; that the habit of saving, so as to be beforehand with the world, if it is to be acquired at all, must be acquired early; but that it is not so acquired, as a rule, simply because in very few places has any serious attempt been made to teach it. It is not taught by precept at school; it is not taught by example at home. Again, we say that it is not enough to establish savings-banks and expect that people will go to them. We must bring the banks to the people. If we don't do that the system is faulty, just in the same way as the system of drainage is faulty in some newly-built places, where you have an excellent sewer running under the streets, but where nobody has taken care to see that the house-drains have any connection with it. Those who are practically conversant with friendly societies, penny banks, and institutions of that kind, could give you curious illustrations of the willingness of people to avail themselves of these things if they are brought literally home to their doors, and of their indifference and dislike to use them, if the using them involves going only a few hundred yards out of their way.—*Lord Derby at Provident Knowledge Society.*

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—A lecturer in New York has been telling that city why men don't marry. He gives eight reasons:—First, because they cannot get the woman they want—they look too high for beauty, talent, and perfection, which are beyond their reach; second, because they are cowards—they dare not “face the music,” and quake at the lightning flashes of a fair maiden's eye; third, because they are sceptical—they have no faith in a woman's constancy, and believe her weak and frail; fourth, because they are selfish and stingy, and do not think they can support wives; fifth, because women of genius are not always good housekeepers; sixth, because of man's own extravagance—many young men spend their income foolishly and cannot afford to marry; seventh, because they are afraid of divorce; and eighth, because of woman's extravagance—it costs as much, the lecturer said, to launch a woman on the sea of life in these times as it would to fit out a small schooner. As to sails, cordage, pennants and streamers, the difference, he thinks, is in favour of the schooner. As to her outfit, she has to be freighted with bonnets, veils, necklaces, earrings, pins, chains, bracelets, rings, ruffles, bows, bands, buttons, loops, folds, pipings, plaits, silks, muslins, laces, fans, boots, slippers, parasols, collars, cuffs, nets, chignons, water-falls, “rats,” “mice,” braids, frizzles, puffs, curls, panier, tournure, and Grecian-bend.

JESUITS SUPPRESSED BY POPE GANGANELLI.—After the strictest examination of every argument which could be produced either against or in favour of the Jesuits, Clement XIV at last named a commission, consisting of five cardinals, some prelates, and advocates, to assist him in the execution of his design. On the 21st July, 1773, he signed the Brief which suppressed that famous order. On the 10th August following, at nine o'clock in the evening, the commissioners appointed for the execution of the Brief, accompanied by a notary, and attended by a guard, went to the different houses of the Jesuits, and having assembled the brethren, read to them the brief of their extinction; at the same time telling them that the Apostolical Chamber would furnish each of them with a secular habit, pay the travelling expenses of those who chose to quit Rome, their books and effects should be delivered to them, and pensions should be granted. [As the Jesuits had then a large share in the education of youth, the sudden shutting up of their schools might have been injurious if Clement had not given a new proof of his prudence and genius. Having shut himself up for several days, admitting only some special advisers, he sketched a complete scheme of education; and having selected a number of priests and friars who by their talents and characters were suited for the posts, he immediately appointed them professors and teachers. To the surprise and delight of the Romans, there was no interregnum or break in the educational work, the schools being opened under the new masters when many feared they must have been closed for a long period. Soon after this decided action the health of the Pope gave way. It was said by some that the multiplicity of business had weakened his strength, but as he was of robust constitution and temperate habits, there was every prospect of long life. The principal symptom was inflammation and pain of the bowels, which the physicians could neither explain nor relieve, and which carried him off, after a few months, in his 70th year. It is generally believed that his death was the effect of poison, and that he fell a sacrifice to the revenge of the Jesuits.]

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